

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Giue guess how neere to day. Lucius, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so soundly.
When Lucius, when? awake, I say: what Lucius?
Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Brut. Get me a Taper in my Study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my Lord.
Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question?
It is the brighest day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-joynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar,
I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooue,
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, forming the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
Then leaft he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to these, and these extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow milchieuous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Gives him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reade.

Brutus thou sleepest; awake, and see thy selfe:

Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.

Brutus, thou sleepest; awake.

Such instigations haue bene often dropt,

Where I haue tooke them vp:

Shall Rome, &c. This must I piece it out:

Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome

The Targuin drive, when he was call'd a King.

Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest
Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fiftene dayes.

Knocks within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I haue not slept.

Betweene the actings of a dreadfull thing,

And the first motion, all the Interim is

Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dreame:

The Genius, and the mortall Instruments

Are then in counsell; and the state of a man,

Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then

The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Cassius at the Doore,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him;

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,

And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,

That by no meanes I may discouer them,

By any marke of fauour.

Brut. Let 'em enter:

They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,

When euils are most free? O then, by day

Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,

To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,

Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:

For if thou path thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus it selfe were dimme enough,

To hide thee from preuention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius,
Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cass. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:
Good morrow Brutus, doe we trouble you?

Brut. I haue bene vp this howre, awake all Night:

Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here

But honors you: and every one doth wish,

You had but that opinion of your selfe,

Which every Noble Roman beares of you.

This is Trebonius.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, Decius Brutus.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, Caska; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus

Cymbel.

Brut. They are all welcome,

What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselues

Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word? They whisper.

Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake

heere?

Cask. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,

That frer the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cask. You shall confesse, that you are both decei'd:

Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises;

Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weigh-

Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare,
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Brut. Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.

Cass. And let vs sweare our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,

The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;

If these be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,

And euery man hence, to his idle bed:

So let high-fighted Tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these

(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough

To kinde Cowards, and to Steele with valour

The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,

What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause,

To prick vs to redresse? What other Bond,

Then secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,

And will not palter? And what other Oath,

Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it.

Sweare Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous

Old feeble Carriours, and such suffering Soules

That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare

Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine

The euen vertue of our Enterprize,

Nor th'insuppressible Mettle of our Spirits,

To thinke, that of our Cause, or our Performance

Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood

That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares

Is guilty of a feuerall Bastardie,

If he do breake the smallest Particel

Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cass. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

I thinke he will stand very strong with vs.

Cask. Let vs not leaue him out.

Cyn. No, by no meanes.

Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haire

Will purchase vs a good opinion:

And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:

It shall be sayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,

Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,

But all be buried in his Grauity.

Brut. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,

For he will neuer follow any thing

That other men begin.

Cass. Then leaue him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely Caesar?

Cass. Decius well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,

Marke Antony, so well belou'd of Caesar,

Should out-lie Caesar, we shall finde of him

A shrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes

If he improue them, may well stretch so farse

As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,

Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Brut. Our course will seeme too bloody, Caius Cassius;

To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes;

Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:

For Antony, is but a Limbe of Caesar.

Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius:

We all stand vp against the spirit of Caesar,

O that we then could come by Caesars Spirit,

And not dismember Caesar! But (alas)

Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carue him, as a Dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkasse fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,
And after seeme to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose Necessary, and not Enuious,
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for Marke Antony, thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then Caesars Arme,
When Caesars head is off.

Cass. Yet I feare him,

For in the ingrafted loue he beares to Caesar,

Brut. Alas, good Cassius, do not thinke of him:

If he loue Caesar, all that he can do

Is to himselfe; take thought, and dye for Caesar,

And that were much he should: for he is giuen

To sports, to wildenesse, and much company.

Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,

For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.

Clocke strikes.

Brut. Peace, count the Clocke.

Cass. The Clocke hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cass. But it is doubtfull yet,

Whether Caesar will come forth to day, or no:

For he is Superstitious growne of late,

Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,

Of Fantasie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:

It may be, these apparant Prodigies,

The vnaccustom'd Terror of this night,

And the perswasion of his Augurers,

May hold him from the Capitoll to day.

Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be so resolu'd,

I can ore-sway him: For he loues to heare,

That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,

And Beares with Glasses, Elephants with Holes;

Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.

But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,

He sayes, he does; being then most flattered.

Let me worke:

For I can giue his humour the true bent;

And I will bring him to the Capitoll.

Cass. Nay, we will all of vs, be there to fetch him;

Brut. By the eight howre, is that the vttermost?

Cin. Be that the vttermost, and faile not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth beare Caesar hard,

Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;

I wonder none of you haue thought of him.

Brut. Now good Metellus go along by him:

He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reasons,

Send him but hither, and Ile fashion him.

Cass. The morning comes vpon's:

Wee'll leaue you Brutus,

And friends disperse your selues; but all remember

What you haue said, and shew your selues true Romans.

Brut. Good Gentlemen, looke fresh and merrily,

Let not our lookes put on our purposes,

But beare it as our Roman Actors do,

With vnty'd Spirits, and formall Constancie,

And so good morrow to you euery one.

Manet Brutus.

Boy: Lucius: Fast asleepe? It is no matter,

Enioy the hony-heavy-Dew of Slumber:

Thou hast no Figures, nor no Fantasies,

Which